# THE

# DOATING MOTHER's GARLAND.

*TEWKESBURY:*

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# THE

# Doating MOTHER's, &c.

## PART I.

YOU gallants of London pray draw near awhile,
To hear a pleaſant ditty will make you to ſmile,
It's of a merchant's widow who did in London dwell
And ſhe had ſtore of riches, as many people tell.

She had a handſome daughter, indeed ſhe had no more,
And ſhe was heir, as we do find, to all her worldly ſtore,
A ſailor for to court this maid did come but he was poor,
Yet nevertheleſs the maiden fair ſhe did him much adore.

This handſome couple had agreed to wed in a ſhort time,
If that the good old woman they could get in the mind,
But if her gold and ſilver ſhe ſuch a god did make.
She kept her daughter ſingle, all for her fortune's ſake.

The daughter ſaid, mother, pray let me wed my dear,
For we have lov'd each other above theſe ſeven year,
The mother ſaid, daughter, have him with all my heart,
One farthing of your portion I will not to him part.

The daughter ſaid, A reaſon for that give me to know,
Six thouſand pounds my father left me, that is true,
As long as I have wealth enough I'll have the man I love,
And therefore now I hope you will of the match approve.

Then ſtraitway in a paſſion the old woman did ſwear,
You are too young to marry; I pray therefore forbear,
For you muſt let me marry firſt, altho' I am old and grey,
I have a tooth in my head, that is coltiſh I do ſay.

Now this money will bring a huſband briſk and young,
'Tis time enough for you to begin I think when I have done,
Child you never knew the bliſs, and therefore cannot pine,
As I for my good man have done this many a time.

Dear mother you make me bluſh to hear you talk ſo wild,
But ſince you do a huſband want, I ſwear as I'm your child,

I'll ſtay 'till you are marry'd I hope 'twill not be long,
I hope to have the man I love, ſo let the game go on,
Pray fit me for the country, for there I mean to go,
And there the jolly ſailor will not be in my view,
So the old woman rejoic'd at this, did fit her out ſtraitway,
Thinking that ſhe to Worceſterſhire ſhould go without delay.

## PART II.

THIS crafty young damſel had a frolic in her head,
She ſent for her true love, and unto him ſhe ſaid,
My mother ſays my money muſt her a huſband buy,
For ſhe without a bed-fellow cannot no longer lie.
And therefore I'm reſolv'd this frolic for to play,
I'll cut my lovely hair off, & dreſs in man's array,
A ſuitor to my mother I'll go in this diſguiſe,
And bite the good old woman of all her golden prize.
Her lover he laugh'd heartily for to hear the ſame,
Saying if you proceed 'twill be a pretty game,
But prithee doſt thou think ſhe will not know thy face,
Ne'er fear, reply'd the maiden, for this muſt be the caſe.
I'll ſtifle her with kiſſes, and put her in ſurprize,
I'll vow and ſwear I nothing ſee but beauty in her eyes,
And if ſhe does at any time but gaze in my face,
I'll in her boſom lay my head her bubbies to embrace.

I have a friend who ſoon will go my perſon to commend,
And tell her I'm in love with her and ſhe will for me ſend,
So fare you well my deareſt, this frolic I'll purſue,
And every day I'll let you know how matters they they do go.

The old woman thinking her daughter out of town
She was reſolv'd now long ſhe would not lie alone,
So ſhe amongſt her friends a viſiting did go,
In hopes to get a huſband as ſhe walked to and fro'.

## PART III.

HER daughter dreſſed like a beau one ſhe did meet,
Who kindly embrac'd her, and ſwore the kiſs was ſweet,
Dear madam I am deep in love, before that we do part, (my heart.
Pray tell me where you live, or elſe you'll break
She ſaid, go along with me, if your love is true,
You are a charming handſome youth, and I can fancy you,
I've ſtore of gold and ſilver to make you rich and great, (wait,
A chariot where you may ride, footmen on you to
She never thinking who this airy ſpark might be,
She took her new acquaintance home immediately,
The ſpark he went to courting, and ſolemnly did ſwear,
Ten thouſand charming beauties in her eyes there were.

Then he gave her many kiſſes, and ſet her on her knee,
And with her ancient bubbies did play a comedy,
The old woman did ſimper, and was pleaſed to the heart.
Saying, A diamond ring I'll give you e're we part.

Then up ſtairs ſhe took her love to ſee her golden ſtore,
Saying, the day I marry you I'll give you all this and more,
But can you love me heartily? tell me my charm-dear,
Becauſe you ſee that I am very far advanc'd in years.

And you are but a ſtr'pling, juſt in your youthful prime,
I fear you will a whoring go, and then leave me to pine,
Dear madam, I never did love whoring in my life,
I'll be as conſtant as a dove when you become my wife.

My dear ſaid the old woman, on St. Andrew's day,
We will be join'd together, in private, I do ſay;
I'll make thee maſter of my ſtore, before to bed we go,
That you the better may reward my love for doing ſo.

With many amorous kiſſes, they warted for that night,
She goes unto the ſailor, her joy and heart's delight,
She gave him the ring, and told her good ſucceſs.
And tho' ſhe had the breeches on, did lovingly embrace.

A courting to her mother, each day ſhe conſtant went,
At length St. Andrew's day did come unto their content;

To church to be married this couple they did hie,
The marriage being over the fun came by and by.

## PART IV.

SOon as the bridegroom did come within the door,
She took and made him maſter of her ſtore;
Her gold, her bonds, her leaſes, ſhe did to her
ſpouſe reſign, (ly mine,
Saying, Take poſſeſſion of my ſtore, for thou art fair-

This being done, the female bridegroom began
to be in fear, (dear,
Which way the golden prize to convey unto her
Then turning to her mother, ſhe ſaid, My heart's
delight,
We'll go abroad and dine to day, then home again
at night.

The bride ſhe had a ſiſter liv'd in Hanover-ſquare,
She agreed to go thither, there her ſpouſe to meet,
The chariot was got ready, ſo ſoon as ſhe was gone,
The bridegroom for the ſailor ſent and told him
what was done.

The ſailor took the prize, and ſhe went to the
bride,
And entering the room, her aunt ſtruck with ſur-
prize,
ſaid, if that be your huſband, I verily do fear,
t is your only daughter who do the breeches wear.

The devil take her if it be the mother ſhe did ſay,
low ſtedfaſtly I look at her I think it is ſhe,
ut to be farther ſatisfy'd I ſolemnly do ſwear,
ſoon will have the breeches down and ſee what
ſort of ware.

Then riſing in a paſſion, did about the breeches fall,
The daughter laughed heartily, ſhe had no ſtrength at all:
She cry'd, How can you be ſo rude ſuch a thing to diſcover,
I'm ſure I am as good a man as ever was my mother.

She having got the breeches down, found the thing was true,
She ſaid, for thus deceiving me I'll make you rue,
It is not in your power, the daughter ſhe did ſay,
You fairly did ſurrender your treaſure unto me.

Now I am reſolv'd to-morrow to wed the ſailor bright,
I think it is high time I ſhould know that ſweet delight,
That ſets you thus a longing, and when that I have done,
You may get another huſband, when it comes to your turn.

The old woman then tore the hair off her head,
Next day the youthful lady ſhe did the ſailor wed,
The mother yet a hundred a year ſhe doth poſſeſs,
And when it comes to her turn ſhe is to be careſs'd.

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